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One day Lewis Mordaunt came  
home unexpectedly to visit his

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## MAUD ALSTON'S TRIUMPH.

"So you refuse me?"  
"Yes, firmly, and forever. I wish  
you to cease your persecution of me.  
Neither your threats nor vows of  
vengeance can intimidate me. You  
cannot crush my spirit, nor cause my  
will to bend one atom. You will  
please to leave my presence."

The last speaker, a young, and  
spirited girl, stood proudly erect, and  
glazed with unutterable dislike, upon  
her companion, a young man of gross  
features and repulsive appearance.

"It is not necessary that you annoy  
me further, you will please go."

She pointed in the direction of the  
half-open door. Her companion obeyed  
her, muttering as he departed that he  
would yet live to make her repent her  
ill-spoken words.

Maud Alston was the daughter of a  
deceased army officer. The death of  
her mother, at a late day, had left her  
alone in the world; and had placed her  
under the guardianship of Blivin  
Boormoth, a narrow-minded, unscrup-  
ulous and avaricious old English  
squire, who, to secure the small  
fortune left his ward by his parents,  
sought to marry her to his son. Maud,  
full understanding the motives of the  
father, had opposed every overture  
made by the young man for such an  
alliance, and it had resulted in the  
scene which has just been described.

The young woman hastened to her  
room, and after securely fastening the  
door, sat down and began to reflect as  
to what future course would be best for  
her to follow. It was evening, and  
through the window-panes everything  
looked dark, dreary, and hopeless. To  
remain longer beneath the roof that  
sheltered Blivin Boormoth, seemed to  
portend a life that would be more  
hopeless still. It took her but a brief  
space of time to make up her mind  
with regard to what future course to  
follow. She hastily arose, and tying a  
small quantity of wearing apparel  
together in a bundle, she enveloped  
herself in a thick shawl and hood, and  
silently stole forth from the house of  
her persecutors, out from the hated  
place and from the presence of its  
odious occupants, into the gloom  
of the dewy night.

She hurried away, hardly knowing  
or caring where she was going, only  
that she effected her escape from Blivin  
Boormoth and his disolute son.  
Sometimes she stumbled and fell,  
sometimes she fancied she had half lost  
her way; her dress became damp and  
bedraggled with the dust and dew; but  
stimulated by hope, and strengthened  
by excitement, she thought nothing of  
weariness or bodily fatigue, so long as  
the distance increased between herself  
and her tormentors.

In a neighboring village lived Lady  
Mordaunt, the widow of an army  
officer, who had formerly belonged to  
the same regiment that her father had  
been connected with during his life-  
time. With Lady Mordaunt Maud  
had long been intimately acquainted,  
and between them existed the most  
friendly relations; and so to Lady  
Mordaunt Maud determined to go,  
hoping to find in her house a  
temporary asylum where she would be  
free from the persecutions of her guardian  
and his ill-favored son.

She arrived at Lady Mordaunt's  
home early on the following morning,  
nearly exhausted by her long and  
wearisome journey. Lady Mordaunt  
received her cordially, and when she  
had listened to a recital of her  
experiences she took her to heart like  
a mother, and promised as far as lay  
in her power, to protect her from the  
further importunities of her guardian.

For some months Maud lived in  
strict seclusion, all efforts upon the part  
of Blivin Boormoth to discover her  
place of retreat were unavailing.

One day Lewis Mordaunt came  
home unexpectedly to visit his

mother. He was a Lieutenant in the  
Royal Navy, and a young man of high  
attainments and rare personal beauty.

Having obtained a long leave of  
absence, he hastened home and was  
gladly received by his fond mother,  
from whom he had long been separated;  
from the moment his eyes first fell  
upon Maud Alston he began to love  
her. They soon became the best of  
friends, and before a month had  
passed they had plighted their faith to  
each other, and a few weeks later they  
were quietly married in an obscure  
church in the village.

Meanwhile, Blivin Boormoth had  
not been idle. A few days after the  
occurrence of the happy event, he  
succeeded in discovering Maud's place  
of refuge, and armed with a formid-  
able warrant, he set forth from home,  
accompanied by his son and constable,  
to bring back his truant ward to the  
place she had left so unceremoniously.

Lady Mordaunt and Maud were  
conversing together, when Blivin  
Boormoth and his two companions  
made their unexpected appearance  
at the door of the house, where they  
were. The face of the old man,  
disfigured by intemperance and excess,  
and rendered more hideous by the  
look of triumph which it wore never  
looked more repulsive than then.

Maud started up from her seat in  
affright, and involuntarily took refuge  
behind Lady Mordaunt, who in a per-  
fect self-possessed manner demanded  
the meaning of the unwelcome intru-  
sion.

"I've come for my ward, mum,"  
said the guardian with a malicious  
chuckle. "You may as well give her  
up peacefully, or I'll have you prosec-  
uted, mum, for—"

"What is the meaning of all this?"  
exclaimed Lieutenant Mordaunt, who  
suddenly entered the room without  
fully comprehending the scene.

Maud sprang into her husband's  
arms for protection, while Lady Mor-  
daunt pointing to the intruders, said:  
"These are Maud's persecutors"—  
then turning to the astonished guar-  
dian, she said, "As my son's wife  
Maud no longer needs your protection  
you will please leave my house."

The old man lifted the heavy stick,  
which he carried in a threatening  
manner, but desisted as he saw Lieut.  
Mordaunt instinctively lay his hand  
upon the hilt of his sword, and, utter-  
ing low threats of vengeance, he and  
his companions left the place.

The baffled guardian was subsequen-  
tly compelled to restore every penny of  
Maud's small fortune, which he had  
wrongfully appropriated to his own  
use. A few months after he was a  
fugitive from justice, having been  
detected in a great crime. His dis-  
olute son followed the footsteps of his  
father, and lived a useless and evil  
life.

Maud became the happiest of wives,  
and the best of mothers; fortune favor-  
ed her husband in many ways, and  
she lived to enjoy the comfort and  
happiness she deserved.

Thus they who oppress the weak  
and helpless, and seek to enrich them-  
selves by disreputable means, invariably  
fail in their undertakings, and fall  
short of the goal they endeavor to  
reach, while the oppressed and perse-  
cuted triumph after many days.—BY  
EUGENE J. HALL in The Fireside  
Friend.

A smart little boy in New Orleans,  
was reproved by his mother for  
telling a fib. He insisted it was only  
in fun, but his pious mother told him,  
he must ask Divine pardon. So the  
little boy knelt down and said: "O,  
Lord, forgive me. I wouldn't have  
done it, only I thought you could  
take a joke.

## COUNT DE CHAMBORD

The most prominent man in France,  
perhaps in Europe, just now, is the  
Count De Chambord. There is another  
person, it is said, who claims to be  
the legitimate Count. Under these  
circumstances the following historical  
facts will probably be read with interest.

Louis XVIII had no son. The  
crown consequently would pass at his  
death, to his brother Charles. He had  
two sons. The eldest Duke d'Angou-  
leme, married the only daughter of  
Louis XVI, the unfortunate princess  
who suffered so dreadfully in her cap-  
tivity in the temple. They had no chil-  
dren. The second son, the Duke De  
Berri, married the princess Caroline, of  
Naples. The first two children died in  
infancy. Their third child was a  
daughter, afterwards Duchess of Parma.

As females could not reign in France  
the Bourbon line would become extinct  
unless the Duchess de Berri should  
give birth to a son. All the Legiti-  
mists of France were exceedingly anx-  
ious for this event.

In February, 1820, as the Duke de  
Berri was leaving the theater, in com-  
pany with the Duchess, an assassin  
plunged a poniard to the hilt in his  
side. In the darkness the assassin fled  
but was speedily arrested. The Duke  
felt only a violent blow. Bringing his  
hand to his side, he found the dagger  
sticking there, "I am assassinated!"  
he cried out. So sudden had the action  
been that the carriage, in which he had  
placed the Duchess, was but just begin-  
ning to move. The Duchess heard the  
dying cry of her husband, with a  
shriek she called upon the driver to  
stop. Leaping from the carriage, she  
caught the Duke in her arms. He had  
just drawn out the dagger, and the  
blood was gushing from the wound.

"I am dead!" said the Duke. "Send  
for a priest. Come, dearest, let me die  
in your arms."

He was taken to an adjoining room  
and medical attendance soon arrived.  
Some one expressed to the Duchess the  
hope that the wound might not prove  
mortal. "No," said the dying Duke,  
"I am not deceived. The dagger has  
entered to the hilt. Caroline, are you  
here?"

"Yes, my love," she replied, "and I will  
not leave you."

The Bishop of Chartres, confessor of  
Charles X, arrived, and had a few min-  
utes of private conversation with their  
dying man. The Duke then called  
for his infant daughter. She was soon  
brought in asleep. He placed his hand  
upon her head, and said: "Poor child  
may you be less unfortunate than the  
rest of your family."

One of the physicians, M. Bonjon, en-  
deavored to restore circulation by suck-  
ing the wound. "What are you do-  
ing?" exclaimed the Duke. "For God's  
sake stop; perhaps the dagger was poi-  
soned." The chief physician, Dupuy-  
tren, as a last resource, endeavored to  
enlarge the wound, that the blood might  
flow externally. The Duke, his hand  
already clammy with the damp of death  
clasped convulsively the hand of the  
Duchess as he bore the painful opera-  
tion.

"Save me farther pain," said he.  
Then tenderly caressing his wife, he  
added, "Caroline, take care of yourself  
for sake of the infant you bear in your  
bosom." His father then Count d'Ar-  
tois; subsequently Charles X., and his  
elder brother, the Duke d'Angouleme  
soon arrived, with other members of  
the royal family.

In faint and dying accents the Prince  
inquired: "Who is the man who has  
killed me? I wish I could see him to  
seek into his motives. Perhaps it was some  
one whom I have unconsciously injured.  
Would that I might live long enough  
to ask the king to pardon him. Prom-  
ise me my father, promise me my brother,  
to ask of the king the life of that  
man."

Increasing difficulty of respiration

warned the Prince that his last hour  
was at hand, a few words in whispered  
tones, were interchanged between the  
Duke and Duchess. Soon after two  
illegitimate children, who were born to  
him in London, when the family were  
all in exile, were brought in. He had  
ever recognized these children, and  
they had been tenderly cared for by  
both him and his amiable spouse. As  
the children knelt sobbing by the side  
of their dying father, whom they sin-  
cerely loved, he embraced them affec-  
tionately, and, turning to the Duchess,  
said:

"I know you sufficiently, Caroline,  
to know that you will take care of  
these orphans after I am gone."

The Duchess, with true nobility of  
action, took her own child from the  
arms of its nurse, and, drawing those  
innocent but unfortunate little ones to  
her lap, tenderly caressed them, and  
said: "Kiss your sister, my dears."

The dying man was evidently con-  
soled by this generous deed. He then  
fervently exclaimed: "O my God,  
pardon me my sins! Pardon me my  
sins, and pardon him who has taken  
my life."

Soon after this the King, Louis  
XVIII, arrived. "My uncle," said  
the dying man, "give me your hand,  
that I may kiss it for the last time.  
I entreat you, in the name of my death,  
to spare the life of the man who has  
killed me."

"You are not so ill as you suppose,"  
said the King we will speak of this  
again."

"Ah!" sadly exclaimed the dying  
Prince, "you do not say yes. The  
pardon of that man would have soften-  
ed my last moment."

He had hardly uttered these last  
words ere he sank away and died.  
Louvel, the assassin, a brutal wretch,  
suffered upon the scaffold the penalty  
of his crime.

On the 20th of September, 1820,  
seven months after the death of her  
husband, the Duchess de Berri was  
delivered of a son, the present Count  
de Chambord. The royalists welcomed  
the birth of this child with every  
demonstration of joy. Not long after  
this, Charles X. succeeded to the  
throne. All the Legitimists of France  
and of Europe recognized the young  
Count de Chambord, who was then  
called, the Duke of Bordeaux, as the  
lawful heir to the throne. The Duke  
d'Angouleme waived his rights in  
favor of his nephew.

When the King and Court fled,  
before the revolution of 1830, the  
Duchess and her child, who was then  
about ten years of age, were in the  
large party of royal fugitives which the  
royal guard were conducting to the  
coast. At midnight, amidst a scene  
of great consternation at Rambouillet  
the King abdicated the throne in favor  
of his grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux  
whom he proclaimed as King, with the  
title of Henry V. It was too late for  
compromise. More than forty years  
have since passed away. During that  
time the Count de Chambord has been  
an exile, while France has passed  
through the changes of a monarchy, a  
provisional government, a republic, an  
empire, and another provisional gov-  
ernment. The wheel of fortune, thus  
ever turning, may again place the  
Count de Chambord upon the throne  
of his ancestors.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT in the Chris-  
tian Union.

Little Tommy didn't disobey  
mamma and go in swimming, did he?"  
"No, mamma; Jimmy Brown and the  
rest of the boys went in, but I  
remembered and would not disobey  
you." "And Tommy ever tells lies,  
does he?" "No, mamma, I couldn't  
go to heaven." Then how does Tommy  
come to have on Jimmy Brown's  
shirt."